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Choice Boetry.

THE COMING ERA. BY OLIVER WEXDELL HOLMES

They bell us that the Muse is soon to fly hence, Lawing the howers of song that once were dear, Her robes bequeathing to her slater, Science, The groves of Pindos for the axe to clear.

Optics will claim the wandering eye of fancy, Physics will greep imagination a wings, Plain facts exorcise fiction's necromancy, The workshop hammer where the minetrel sings.

No more with laughter at Thalia's frolice Our eyes shall twinkle till the tears run down, But in her place the lecturer on hydraelics Spost forth his watery science to the town.

No more our foolish passions and affections. The tragic Muse with mimic grief shall try, But, nobler far, a course of vivisactions. Teach what it costs a tortured brute to die.

The unearthed monad, long in buried rocks hid, Shall tell the secret whence our being came; The chemist show us death in hit's black oxide, Left when the breath no longer fans its flame.

Instead of crack-brained poets in their attics.
Filling this volumes with their flowery talk.
There shall be books of wholesome mathematics.
The tutor with his black-board and his chalk.

No longer bards with madrigal and sonnet Shall woo to moonlight walks the ribboned sex But side by side the beaver and the bonnet Stroll, calmly pondering on some problem's x.

The apper miss of serious calculation
Shall mock the trivial joys that fancy drew
And, ob, the rapture of a solved equation.
One self-same answer on the lips of two:

So speak in sole un tones our youthful sages, Patient, severe, inhorious, slow, exact, As o'er creation's protoplasmic pages They browse and munch the thiatle crops of fact.

And yet we've sometimes found it rather pleasant

To leave awhile the daylight of the real, Led by the guidance of the master a hand, For the strange radiance of the far ideal— "The light that never was on sea or land."

Well, time alone can lift the future's cortain— Science may teach our children all she knows. But love will kindle freeh young hearts, 'tis certa And June will not forget her blushing rose.

And so, in spite of all that time is bringing— Treesures of truth and miracles of art. Beauty and Love will keep the poet singing. And song still live—the science of the beart.

Select Story.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

CHAPTER L.

"Now, your honor, jist lie quiet and aisy, keep the gun on full cock and all ready, but never ahtir a limb till I give the curlew's cry, and then look out, for the birds'll be just within shot

of ye."
So spoke Shawn, my herculean henchman, as he lay the last bunch of heather on my quivering body, and, having satisfied himself that I was perfectly well concealed from human sight, he prepared to creep off to the spot where he had seen the wild geese alight, in order to drive the unconscious victims directly over my head. I nodded as he gave his instructions, and ere he creek away, promised implicitly to obey his I nodded as he gave his instructions, and ere he crept away, promised implicitly to obey his commands. But I felt anything but conforts ble in my novel position. My bed was the bare bogland, cozy and soft with the scaking of the heavy winter rains, my covering the half-withered heather which Shawn had uprooted from the hillside. And the month was March! There had been no snow in Storport for many weeks past, the hills all around me were black and desolute as the sky loomed above, but the bitter March wind came creeping over the hill, and March wind came creeping over the hill, and amote me with chilly hands. I lay patiently for some time, the sportsman like ardor in my beart preventing the wind from utterly freezing my limbs, but at length my patience got ex-bausted, and I began to stir. Suddenly I heard the faint whistle of the curlew—two minutes after I saw a flock of wild geese pass almost di-rectly over my head. I fired simlessly, and

rectly over my head. I fired simlessly, and missed! Then I found that my garments were com-Then I found that my garments were completely soaked with bog-water, and that my limbs bad sonk several inches deep in the oazy ground—nay, more, that they were only prevented from sinking farther, by some obstruction, which was so hard and cold that it made my hones ache. My first care was to exhume my half-buried limbs, my next to unearth the substance which had prevented me from sinking utterly. This latter proved to be no easy matter, but with the help of the spade which Shawn had brought with him to prepare my boggy bed, I at length succeeded in clearing away a good deal of earth, and discovering that my life-preserver, was a deal box some five feet

away a good deal of eorth, and discovering that my life-preserver, was a deal lox some five feet long, stained almost black with bog-water, and fastened down with half a dozen rusty nails.

I had heard, during my childhood days, of unfortunate people being enruched by the discovery of buried treasures, but I need hardly add all such romantic ideas had long since vanished from my mind; and yet, as I gazed at that peculiar box, I felt as if a cold hand had passed over me, and a succession of the wildest thoughts surged through my brain. Exhame and epen it I must; and the wish became atronger within me when Shawa, who soon restronger within me whou Shawu, who soon re-turned from the goose-driving, did his best to disensate me from such a proceeding. "Sure 'tis no affair of ours, yer honor," said

Shawn, looking, at the same time, so profound-ly uncomfortable as to cause my curiosity to increase. "Maybe it's a little pottheen that the boys have buried."

But I cut him short, and insisted that he

But I cut him short, and insisted that he should assist to exhume and open the box. Seeing that I was determined, he was so slow, and evidently so unwilling, that at length my patience got exhausted. I took the spade from his hand, inserted it in the crevice, upon which Shawn had been working, and, with a powerful wrench, forced the lid from the box. We both recoiled in horror and dismay—the box contained a corns.

cantained a corpse!

After the first shock of the discovery was over, I looked again, and my dismay increased

tenfold.
"Why, Shawn," I exclaimed, "if it isn't--"
"Yes, in troth," broke in Shawn, "sore
enough it is!" and we both stared into the box again.

In order to explain the strange circumstance which enabled me to recognize this corpse, I must chronicle events which took place several weeks before I exhumed it.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

On the 15th day of February, the annual winter fair was held at Portaclare. The anticipation of this day always created a good deal of excitement in the minds of the peasants in and around Storport—for it was always constituted a sort of gala day—but the announcement of the fair of 1877 brought with it whisperings of woe to many a home. The crops had been bad that year, and the miscrable, half starved tenants had been unable to scrape together enough money to pay the rent, so the proctor had summoned them to attend the sessions at Portaclare, in order that they might show cause why they should not deliver up the whole of their worldly goods.

why they should not deliver up the whole of their worldly goods.

On the eventful day, which was ushered in with hurricanes of blinding sleet, I ordered Shawn to bring out the horses and car, that we might drive into Portaclare together. By the time we started, the hail had ceased to fall, but still the wind blew bitterly, freezing with its livy breath the little pools on the waxaide, and when we drove into Portaclare, I felt almost as if my blood was frozen. It was midday by that time, and, save for one or two decrept old men whom we had passed on the road, we were the last to arrive. What a gathering there was. The streets of the little town were so crowded that it was almost impossible to make one's way along. In the market place bevice of roay-checked servant girls waited to be hired; pigi grunted and squeated as the drovers whipped way along. In the market-place bevies of rosy-cheeked eervant girls waited to be hired; pigs grunted and squeated as the drawers whipped them along; the shop-keepers stood at their doors shricking to the passengers to buy—the

agent sat in the cozy parior of the inu, comfortably enjoying his glass of wine; gazing with a smile into the wild, wee-begone faces of the creatures whom he had summoused thither, and determinedly shaking his head at every heart-

determinedly shaking his head at every heartbroken appeal.

"Don't come to me," he said; "I'm done with
ye, a lot of lazy apendthrifts as ye are. Ye'll go
before them to day, as'll make ye pay!"

I sat in a remote corner of the room, and quietly watched the wretched creatures who crowdedl around the man; their wild eyes, their famlibed faces, their trembling bedies clad in the
effect, tags which were their sole protection
from the cold. And as I glanced from them to
the frozen window-panes and the sleet which
fell, covering with a thin crystal sheet the
curb-stone of the street, my heart turned sick.

"Poor, miserable, half-starved wretches!" I
thought, "most of you will have sore hearts tonight, for you will lose your little all, G al help
you! and there will be nothing but starvation
left!"

Heartaick at the sight of so much was which

thought, "most of you will have sore hearts tonight, for you will lose your little all, Gsd help
you? and there will be nothing but starvation
left?"

Heartsick at the sight of so much was which
I was utterly powerless to relieve, I arose, and
was about to leave the roos, when my ey was
anddenly arrested by a figure, ragged, wild, and
woe-begone, which cronched close up by the
window. Five minutes before, I hal seen this
man crouched like a stricken beast before the
agent, his skeleton bands outstretched, his
parched lips suing for mercy.

"For the love of God, Tony Monaghan, niver
be hard on a poor boy," he said; "all my potatoes had the black disease this year, and they
rotted in the gaound. My pig took the sickness
and died. I have two little children down wid
a fever, and if ye take away my con I'll have
no dhrap of milk to give them, and they'll die!"

This appeal, heart-breaking as it was, had
met with the usnal repulse:

"Don't bring yer lies to me. You'll go before
them as'll make ye pay."

So the man had crept back into the shadow,
and as I saw him crouched beside the window
I noticed that the piteous look of appeal had
left his face; his features were strangely conrulsed, his wild eyes gleamed, and his hand
clenched and unclenched in nervous dread.

"That man means mischief," I said, as I passed ont into the street.

At 2 o'clock, the tenants' cases were to be
called on, and as the hands of the clock approsched that hour, I made my 'way through
the crowded streets in the direction of the
court. The wind blew bitterly, thin flakes of
snow were falling, and as I walked I feit the
ice crackling and breaking beneath my feet. I
noticed, to my wonder, that the streets through
which I passed, were all mest descreted—presently a succession of means and cries struck upon
my car, then I noticed that people were ruaning excitedly, and, following the direction
which they took, I at length found myself on
the outskirts of a great crowd, which was collected in the principal street, before the open
d

came forth. "Good God!" I exclaimed, recoiling upon

"How did this happen ?"

"He was just walkin' along the street, yer honor," said Shawn, quietly, "when he fell, and laid his head down and died!" "Murdered?"

"O, God forbid! yer honor; what for should he be kilt at all, at all !?"

Nevertheless, I felt convinced that my supposition was right; nay, more, I believed that I could point out the very man who had done the

could point out the very man who had done the deed.

That a murder had actually been committed, could not be proved on the spot, but the manner of the man's death was so peculiar, as to call for a coroner's inquiry, and a post-mortem examination. The body, therefore, was at once removed to the inn, and several bours after its removal, the two principal doctors of the town were on their way, armed with the implementa necessary for the work. On their arrival at the inn, a novel scene awaited them. The people having at length solved the meaning of the awful words, "post-mortem examination," had risen up in arms, and declared that no such desecration of the dead should be allowed. Before Tony Monaghau became a land agent, he had been one of themselves, and though he had been a little hard upon them of late, there was not one man among them but would raise his voice against having the poor boy's body cut up like a benst's. The consequence was a riot. The police were overpowered, the doctors sent packing, the inn taken by storm. For two nights, the body lay in state, being wasted by its wild comrades. At the end of that time, the authorities, only to eager to bring matters to a peaceful issue, silowed it to be quietly buried. As the grave closed above it, popular excitement seemed to die away.

But if the people were satisfied, the authorities were not. Everybody believed that a murder had been committed, and that the subsequent riot was only an effort to prevent the discovery of the murderer. No sooner, therefore, was the unfortunate man buried, than the doctors received an order, authorizing them to exhume the body, and make a post mortem examination in private. One night, two nights after the funeral, they set out on their mission with hopeful hearts. It was bitter winter weather. The night was black dark; the ground was frozen hard, and thickly covered with anow. Making straight for the grave-yard, the doctors employed themselves in opening up the grave. For several hours they worked with pickaxe and spade; at la

coffin, raised it up, and opened the lid.

It was empty!

At this piece of andacity on the part of some persons nuknown, everybody was more amazed than ever, and again came the conviction, stronger than before, that murder had been done. But try as they would, they could discover nothing. The whole country was thrown into a tunuit, and popular excitement at its height, when I unwittingly solved the terrible secret, by finding the body in the bog.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

Having aworn Shawn to secrecy, I assisted him to reinter the box, and forthwith sent word of the discovery to the magistrate. The box was at once removed, the post-mortem examination concluded, and the discovery made that the unfortunate man had died of heart disease. Again everybody was amazed, and this time the wonder was mixed with shame. After the examination was made, the Coroner's inquiry was hurried over, and once more, in solemn pomp and with all the rites of the church, the agent was laid in his grave.

Amid the solemn concourse, which attended this second funeral, I noticed the wild, wan face which had haunted me ever since that day, when I had seen it by the frozen window of the inn—the face of the very man whom in my own mind I had accused of murder! For a moment I hung back, ashamed; then I boldly walked forward, and pressed a bank note into the wratched creature's hand. He looked from it to me, in dazed amazement, then the sight of one of his ragged children seemed to make him realize what the money would do. He clutched it closer, and with one last look down the open grave, he crept across the bogs toward his home.

By whose hand the corpse was conveyed from the characteries in the bogs, was never discover-

home.

By whose hand the corpse was conveyed from the church-yard to the bog, was never discovered. It was generally believed, however, that news of the intended examination had been whispered abroad, and that the agent was achumed and hidden, solely with a view to prevent the body being "gat up."

WHITTIER ON LINCOLN.

Miscellany.

His Posm Concerning Ball's Emancipalies Group.

Amidst the sucred efficies
Of old renown give place.
O. city Freedom-loved! to his
Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame that rested not Save in a martyr's grave, The care-lined face that none forgot, Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free! The mighty word He spake was not his own; An impulse from the highest stirred Those chiselled lips of stone.

The cloudy sign, the flery guide Along his pathway ran, And nature, through his voice, denied The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these and eye Saw perti, strife and pain; His was a nation's sacrifice, And ours the priceless gain.

O, symbol of God's will on earth
As it is done above!
Bear witness to the cost and worth
Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify
To coming ages long.
That truth is stronger than a lie,
And righteousness than wrong.

PREE MASONRY ASSAILED. What has Briven Masons out of a Lutheran Church—Claiming that English Free Ma-sons Planted a Lodge in Germany to Fight Christianity—Secret Societies and Christian Buty.

The St. Matthew's German Lutheran Church

The St. Matthew's German Lutheran Church of this city is said to be the oldest Lutheran society in this country. It was organized in the last part of the seventeenth century by some of the descendants of those Lutherans who were virtually expelled from Holland by the action of the Calvinistic Synod of Dort. Like the Paritans, the Lutherans sought in the New World that freedom for religious worship which had been denied them in the Old.

The present church stands on the northeast corner of Broome and Elizabeth Streets. It is a massive, rather imposing structure, built of stone. On the front, near the main entrance, is an inscription showing that this edifice was erected in the year 1841. Another inscription informs the reader that the church was founded in 1752, but this refers to the date of its legal incorporation as a church society, by a grant from the British Crown.

St. Matthew's is the largest, wealthiest, and

gal incorporation as a church society, by a grant from the British Crown.

St. Matthew's is the largest, wealthiest, and most influential Lutheran church in New York. It has no church debt, and no financial embarrassments of any kind; indeed, one of the members remarked that they "hardly know what to do with their money." The Rev. J. H. Sisker, the present pastor, took charge of this society some three years ago. He came from Minnesota, where he enjoyed the reputation of being an able, conscientious preacher, and a man of strict integrity, and the members of St. Matthew's regarded themselves peculiarly fortunate in securing the services of so emineut a clergyman. For some time after Pastor Sieker's installation, everything went on harmoniously until after he had preached a certain sermon. Mr. Sieker belongs to the Missouri Synod, which not only opposes secret societies, but has openly declared war against them all, and so, in the sermon referred to, he said, among other things, that:

sermon referred to, he said, among other things, that:

"At the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the anti-Christians of Germany did not dare to appear publicly with their skeptical views, Free Masons from Eugland planted the Lodge in Germany, for the purpose of fighting Christianity." Among the members of St. Mathews, at the time the sermon was delivered, there were a large number of Free Masons. These were astounded, and said that the plain inference of the pastor's words was that a Mason could not consistently be a Christian. Their position in the church was a painful one, Their position in the church was a painful one, for, if their pastor's views were correct, they were virtually hypocrites. One of these gentlemen had been a member of St. Matthew's for more than twenty years, and latterly a very prominent one. He is a well-known business man in this city. He felt keenly the words he had heard, and resolved to call upon the pastor and inform him how they had affected him. Just before a meeting of the church society, some weeks later, he saw Mr. Sieker, told him in what position his recent sermon bad placed him, and desired to have the matter brought before the meeting for discussion. The pastor declined, but said he would consider it at some future time.

future time.

But notwithstanding the most strenuous en-But notwithstanding the most stronuous endeavors of the member referred to, no action was taken by the church until a long time after, when at a meeting, at which there were but 39 out of 250 voting members, a resolution was adopted condemning secret societies as inconsistent with Christian duty. One person voting for this resolution was not entitled, it is said, to a vote, and nine voted against it, so that 29 of the 250 mambers of St. Matthew's church, adopted a resolution, which has resulted in driving from the church many of its oldest and most prominent members. It is understood that sixty or seventy persons at least have retired from St. Matthew's, and joined other Lutheran churches in the city. The Trinity Lutheran has taken many of them, and the pastor, Dr. Krotel, has been, it is said, severely criticised by his brother of St. Matthew's, for receiving the seceding brethren.—N. Y. Sun.

The papers all over the North are filled with editorials and extracts from speeches of Southern men, to the effect that the South is being converted to Grantism, and that a large element of the leading politicians of the South is at work for Grant's nomination. This is the silliest nonsense that a Republican paper can be guilty of. The leopard may change his spots; the lion and the lamb may lie down together; the time may come when the sword will be beaten into a plow share, and the spear into a pruning hook; when there shall be no more wars, or rumors of wars; when all nations of men shall dwell together upon the face of the earth, and the morning stars shall sing again, "peace on earth, good will to man." All these things are regarded as possibilities, by the orthodox world, at least; that is, in the coming ages, too remote to think of at present, such possibilities as the above may then be in order for discussion. But, dear idiots of the North, have you lived this long to no purpose! Have you forgotten the Greeley campaign? Have you ever heard or read of a rebellion between the North and South, not longsince? Are you sick? Do your wives permit you to go about the streets alone? "The South for Grant!" You impocent little lambs! Do you dote on taffy, or is gum your best holt? We suggest that you take your little grip-sacks and go down South, and tell that people they are for Grant. In about twenty minutes you will be sweet little angels, playing on lutes and golden harps in beaven. You are too innocent for this world. The good die young. You are good.—Island Tribune.

It has always been thought that ears of corn have an even number of rows, and in slavery times the question was discussed in Richmond, Ky., when a negro claimed that he had seen cars with an odd number of rows. His master promised him his freedom, if he would find such an ear, and in the fall, when the corn was harvested, the darkey appeared, with a sound ear of thirteen rows, and got his freedom papers. Recently the negro confessed that in roasting ear time he cut out one row of grains in an ear with a sharp knife, bound the ear together again, and in gathering time, knew just where to find it.

humed and hidden, solely with a view to prevent the body being "ent ap."

An economical Louisville girl has knocked the bottom out of an empty cheese box, and now wears it as a belt.

FRENCH history in the past hundred years, exhibits three women who have perhaps experienced more aplendor and more bitter grief and mortification, than any other three women in the world—Marie Antoinette, Josephine, and Eugenie.

WESLEY'S "CATHEDRAL." Report of the Burning of the City Boad Chapel in London-Mementees of John Wester.

Chapet is Leaden-Research of John Weeley.

One of the most widely known and interesting places of worship in London was almost wholly destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The edifice referred to is the City Road Wesley an Methodist Chapel. The building has been for more than a century a prominent object in the important thoroughfare to which it owed its name. It atood in the centre of a large piece of ground in which have been intered many who held names that were venerated to the Methodist world. It was a plain structure, both internally and externally, harmonizing in its severe simplicity with the distinguishing characteristics of the founders of the great religious society to which it belonged. It consisted of a principal chapel and galleries capable of accommodating two thousand people, a smaller structure known as "John Wesley's Morning Chapel," and snudry class rooms and vestries. The larger chapel possessed a fine freescoed ceiling. The entire building was warmed by a hot-air apparates, and there is little doubt that the fire originated in the flue. It was first observed a little after six yesterday morning by a policeman, who at once aroused the Rev. John Baker, M.A., the resident minister. Already the flames had a strong hold upon the morning chapel. Messengers were dispatched for the fire engines, and in a brief period several steamers were on the spot, Captain Shaw, C. B., being present to direct operations. Unfortunately, however, great difficulty was experienced in obtaining water, the intense frost having fixed the plugs so hard that fully half an hour was experienced in moving them. The configration spread rapidly to the fire series of the flames extended rapidly to the "Gity Rond Chapel," properly so called, seizing upon the gallery running the whole length of the left side. This has been entirely consumed, and the back of the chapel—in form of a semi circle—has been thoroughly guited. In this portion of the haiding stood the communion table, surrounded by elaborate monuments not recently erecte

about 8 o'clock. The buildings are insured for £7,000.

The Rev. John Baker, M. A., the resident minister, writes to us as follows: "It is with profoundest sorrow I have to report that the venerable structure which was erected 100 years ago by John Wesley, and which has been the historic centre of the world embracing Methodist evangelism, has been devastated by fire. The morning chapel has been utterly destroyed, and the large building much burned in the north gallery, the roof and the interior, although the walls are still standing." Another correspondent writes: "The foundation stone of City Road Chapel was laid by Wesley himself on April 21, 1777, and, since the opening of the building in November, 1778, it has been the center to which every Methodist throughout the world instinctively turned. It was regarded as the 'Cathedral of Methodism,' and no spot was

world instinctively struct.

the 'Cathedral of Methodism,' and no spot was historically so precious and interesting to a Methodist, none that appealed so powerfully to his imagination and his affections, as the chapel and manse and burial ground (where Wesley and other illustrious Wesleyans are interred) of City Road. A few years ago the freehold of the chapel was purchased for £9,223, of which sum of £7,700 was raised by a general effort throughout Methodism. In addition, about £3,000 from local resources was spent by the trustees in necessary alterations and improvements. On turning to the record of the laying of the first stone by Wesley "of the chapel opposite Bunhill-fields," we find that he used the following words: "Probably this (stone) will be seen no the Cathedral of Methodism, and no st

words: "Probably this (stone) will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up."-London Daily News, Dec. 8th.

Now that a terrible mortality has again broken out among the James boys, we feel that it is but justice to a family who have received so many gratuitous obituary notices to say that the James boys are still alive and enjoying a reasonable amount of health and strength.

Although the papers are generally agreed upon the statement that they are more or less deal, yet in a few days the telegraph will announce their death again. They are dying on every hand. Hardly a Summer zephyr stirs the waving grass that it does not bear upon its wings the dying groans of the James boys. Every blast of Winter howls the requium of a James boy. James boys have died in Texas and Minnesota, in New England and on the Pacific coast. They have been yielding up the ghost whenever they had a leisure moment. They would rob a bank or a printing office, or some other place where wealth is to be stored, and then they would die. When bustness was very active, one of the brothers would stay at home and attend to work while the other would go and lay down his life.

Whenever the yellow fever let up a little the Grim Destroyer would go for a James boy, and send him to his long home.

The men who have personally and individually killed the James boys from time to time, contemplate holding a grand mass meeting and forming a new national party. This will no doubt be the governing party next year.

Let us institute a reform. Let us ignore the death of every plug who claims to be a James boy, nuless he identifies himself. Let us examine the matter, and see if the trade mark is on every wrapper or blown in the bottle, before we fill the air with wee and burst the heavens wide open with our lamentations over the untimely death of the James boys. If we succeed in

fill the air with woe and burst the heavens wide open with our lamentations over the untimely death of the James boys. If we succeed in standing them off while they live we can afford to control our grief and silently battle with our emotions when they are still in death, until we know that we are snorting and bellowing over the right corpse.—Bill Nye, in the Laramie Times.

LEBBANON, Mr., is proud of possessing the stupidest man in the United States. He is a farm
hand, and was engaged to plow a ten-acre lot.
Wishing him to draw a straight furrow, his empioyer directed his attention to a cow right
opposite, telling him to drive directly toward
that cow. He started his horses, and his employer's attention was drawn to something else
but in a short time, looking around, he found
that the cow had left her place, while the sagacious plowman was following her, drawing a zigzag furrow all over the field.

ANOTHER actor in the great Polish insurrection of 1831 has passed away. This was Theodore Moravski, who died at Paris on the 22 ult., at the age of eighty two years. He was Minister of War in the Provisional Government of the insurrection. He was also a person of considerable literary repute, as the author of Poland in six volumes.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S father, Josiah Franklin wrote a letter in 1744, containing genealogical sketch of his family, and the letter will soon be sold in Boston, with other valuable manuscripts in the collection of the late Col. Brantz Mayer. ALL of Joe Hooker's fighting is now above

"WE HAVE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN."

[The following lines were written by the late General Halpine, better known as "Private Miles O'Reilly."] "There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours, Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers. And true-lover's koots, I wen; The girl and the boy are bound by a kins. But there's never a tie, old friend, like this—We have drunk from the same canteen:

"It was sometimes water, and sometimes milk, And sometimes apple-jack, fine as allk; But whatever the tipple has been. We shared it together, in bane or blins, And I warm to you friend, when I think of this We have drunk from the same canteen!

"The rich and the great sit down to dine.
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I gness in their guiden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drunk from the same canteen! "We have shared our blankets and tests tegether.
We have marched and fought in all kinds of weather.
And hungry and full we've been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drunk from the same canteen:

"For, when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean.
Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast, it seemed both must have died—
We drank from the same canteen?"

COLONIAL BELICS.

Half a dozen stalwart borses pulled a wagon into the yard of the Bush Hill Iron Company, at Twentieth and Buttonwood streets, on a recent afternoon. On the wagon were four cannon, They were so red that at a distance they might have been taken for rolls of clay. A close inspection proved, however, that they were covered with a thick coat of rust, so thick, in fact, that large pieces could have been chipped out in some parts with a penknife. The passer-by who noticed these musty pieces of orduance did not deign a second glance, but the employees in the yard eyed the arrivals with considerable curiosity. Perhaps their breasts at the morn at were filled with patriotic fire, for the history of the cannon is intimately connected with the independence of the country.

A hundred years ago, between Warwick and Valley Forge, a charcoal iron furnace was in operation. It was known as the "Potter" furnace, from the fact that it was owned by a family of that name. Here the cannon were moulded into form, and here they were lying in 1777, but a few days before the battle of Brandywine. General Authony Wayne was connected with the Potts family, and fearing that the cannon might fall into British hands, sent a request only a day before that memorable battle that they might be hid beyond the possibility of discovery. How to comply with this request was a matter which much puzzled the honest and patriotic Pottees. Finally they hit upon a device. The re was a swamp in the meadows a short distance away, and there it was determined to inter the guns. Oxen were procured, and the iron weapons were dragged across the fields and allowed was a swamp in the meadows a short distance away, and there it was determined to inter the guns. Oxen were procured, and the iron weapons were dragged across the fields and allowed to sink down deep in the mud. There they were safe from being counted with the British spoils. For the last hundred years the Potts family, one generation succeeding another, has remained on the homestead, and the story of the buried cannon has been hasded down. In 1875 the idea of recovering them occurred to the present representative of the race, and before the year had closed the cannon were above ground. One of the four was in such a good state of preservation that a six pound charge of powder was fired out of it on the first day of the Centennial year. Recently Mr. Potts conceived the idea of selling the entire lot to a furnace owner, and in spite of the remonstrances of his neighbors, who declared that it would be nothing less than sacrilege to destroy such historic articles, he carried out his idea.

The cannon will be meited preparatory to being turned into rolling mill machinery. They weigh about two tons each, and are six feet in length, with a diameter of eighteen inches at the butt and a six inch bore. Each had the let

length, with a diameter of eighteen inches at the butt and a six inch bore. Each had the letters "P. W. F." (Potts' Warwick Furnace;) but,
although originally cut very deep, the letters
are almost obliterated by decay of the material.
The improvement in the act of manufacturing
weapons of war was strikingly illustrated at
the yard when these four colonial engines were
dumped beside a couple of thirty-two pounders,
each ten feet long, of modern make. The outside of these were jet black and al most as smooth
as glass. They belong to the now obsolete,
smooth-bore pattern, and came from Fort McHenry. The two weigh 14,400 pounds. Near
these again were a dozen or more rus ty old guns,
which came recently from Portugal as ballast
for a ship laden with cork. They are of about
five pounds calibre, and the scarcely decipherable date of "1629" attests that they are two and
a half centuries old. In the shop on the other able date of 1925 attest that they are two and a half centuries old. In the shop on the other side of the street were a couple of smooth-bore gaus which did good service on the Constitu-tion during her engagement with the Gurriere

tion during her engagement with the Gurriere in the war of 1812.

The business of melting down old can non for remanufacture into rolling-mill machinery, or of turning the arts of war into arts of peace, is attaining large dimensions at the Bush Hill works. Tens of thousands of tons of iron have been transformed in this way. In one single week 833 tons of old cannon have been received at the yard from the Government arsenals.—

Philadelphia Record.

A Bad Club.

A policeman in Norwich, Conn., carries a club that has an eventful and bloody history. It is made of hickory wood, and is about a foot and a half long. The handle is round and heavily ornamented with brass, and increases from a quarter of an inch to an inch in diameter in its largest part. Between the handle and the other cud is a silver ferrule. The striking end of the club is octaous in share, with a ferrule of lead gest part. Between the handle and the other cud is a silver ferrule. The striking end of the club is octagonal in shape, with a ferrule of lead a fourth of an inch wide about two inches from the end, and a ferrule of heavy wrought iron more than an inch in width near the end, which holds in piace a solid brass ball, an inch in diameter, at the top of which is a ring by which the club has been hung up. The club is said to have been made in Desha county, Arkansas, in 1843, for one Barnbill, from whose hands it passed to the hands of Capt. Pye, his son in law, who, as a captain of a company af Anderson's bloodbound brigade from Alabama, carried it through the war. He was a man of bad habits and ungoverable temper, and is said to have killed with it twelve of his own men, among them his own brother. In the Brooks and Baxter war it was carried by John C. Wilson, of Pine Blaffs, Ark., who, in his passage down the Mississippi to Little Rock, became infuristed with liquor and killed three negroes and a deck-hand. On election day last spring it was used by a Pine Blaff (Ark.) policeman in attempting to quell a saloon disturbance, and in that molec it was wrested from him and passed into other hands, whence it reached its present owner.

A Watch-Case.

A Wasch-Case.

Mr. Wood Yantis has some interesting relies of his grandfather, Jacob Yantis, who died in 1800, aged 76. One is a silver watch, more than one hundred years old, which was brought to this country from Germany by his grandfather when he was quite a young man. It is of almost spherical shape, of the "bull-eye" pattern, and was made by William Plumley, of London. This watch was for a long time the only time-piece in the old fort at Harrodsburg, and to it Mr. Yantis once owed his life. He had gone to the Blue Licks, in company, it is said, with Boone and others for salt, and, having become separated from his companious, was discovered and pursued by Indians. Finding himself about to be overtaken by the redskins, he drew out his watch, hastily detached the outer case and dropped it to the ground, hoping its brightness would attract the attention of the parsuers while he could make good his escape. He afterward had a new case made in Baltimore.—

Bardstorn (Kg.) Record.

It has been cettled that Washington will have to wait for his monument until Adam has been provided for. First come first served, you know.

-- Kanssa City Journal.

CLOSE OF A GREAT TRACEDY. bolition of Shivery in the Island of Caba-Close of the Most Helancholy Chapter in the Mistery of Crime.

The announcement, on Christmas Day, that a long delayed triumph of Christianity was at length to take place, in the destruction of slavery in the Island of Cuba, must have struck many minds as very appropriate to this season of "good will." On the 1st of January, 1830, it is announced, emancipation will begin by order of the Spanish Government, in their wealthy colony of Cuba, and on the same day, 1830, it will be completed, and the last slave in the Spanish possessions freed from his sbackles. So closes the most melancholy and disgraceful chapter in the annals of human crime. It is more thon four centuries since a certain Portuguese landed (in 1444) at Lagoa, a cargo of 235 black slaves. The slavery of white captives and Mohammedan prisoners was fast dying out in Europe, but the united discovery of a new continent needing labor, annd of a barbarous coast having slaves, awoke greed and stimulated craelly, and created slavery anew. One of the most benevolent men of any age has the bad fame of infroducing slavery into this continent. But Las Casas, though he did this to profect his beloved and oppressed Indians, lived to bitterly repent of this great mistake. On the skirts of the Roman Catholic Church of the middle ages, however, remains the dark and bloody spot of the encouragement, if not the introduction, of however, remains the dark and bloody spot of the encouragement, if not the introduction, of slavery in a new world. One slave Christianized was supposed to outweigh all the heads and blood of the thousands sacrificed to cruelty and

blood of the thousands sacrificed to cruelty and greed.

Three centuries and a half have passed since the first slaves were introduced (1521) into the Island of Cuba. And it may safely be said that of all the human pain and hopeless misery which the sun looks upon year by year, none ever equaled that history of agony and injustice which began with the Spanish importation of slavery into the New World, and was continued by the English slave trading during 300 years. With a mockery of their faith which skeptics will never forget, the Spanish authorities, during two centuries, concluded more than ten treaties "in the name of the most Holy Trinity," which authorized the sale of more than 500,000 human never forget, the Spanish authorities, during two centuries, concluded more than ten treaties "in the name of the most Holy Trinity," which authorized the sale of more than 500,000 human beings, and received from it a tax of over fifty millions of hivres. Nor was the Roman Catholic Church alone guilty. Protestant England was equally guilty with Catholic Spain. The first ship which sailed from England, in 1562, under Sir John Hawkins, on the diabolical errand of buying slaves in Africa and selling them in the West Indies, bore, as if in blasphemy, the sacred name of Jesus. Henceforth, a Protestant power—Great Britain—should lead in the most shauneless and cruel traffic which has ever disgraced human annals—the plundering of one continent of human beings to people another with slaves. For centuries various English monarchs encouraged this barbarous trade; Bishops and clergy favored it; Parliament supported it by repeated resolutions and acts; the Judges approved it, and evep so distinguished a jurist as Lord Eldon had the andacity to say (in 1807) in Parliament, "The slave trade has been sanctioned by Parliament, where sat jurisconsults the most wise, theologians the most calightened, statesmen the most eminent." By the treaty of Utrecht (1703) Great Britain secured from the crown of Spain the monopoly of this infamous traffic of supplying the New World with slaves for thirty years. And for the next fifty years, English foreign policy centered itself about this detestable trade. Under the influence of this greed, shavery was forced upon the American colonies by the British Government, and no less than three efforts by the colonies of Virginia and South Carolina for emancipation were checked by the British authorities. It is true, however, that afterward these colonies were only too ready to accept the "institution" thus forced upon them.

The present generation in Eugland and the United States have, fortunately, never heard much of the horrors of that trade, which England plied industriously for two centuries and

ily, for so many years, were inflicted on so many innocent human beings, merely for the sake of money. The captives torn from their families; the long rows chained together between low decks, unable even to sit up; the dead and the dying manacled to the living; each morning the corpses thrown to the fishes; the homesickness ending in insanity of the unhappy prisoners; those released even for a moment plunging into the sea, as the least of evils; the wails and the groans which rose as a continual appeal to Heaven from the slave ship on "the middle passage"—these are the scenes revealed to us in the literature of slavery, and which passed under the British flag through so many dark years. Even so calm an historian as Bancroft reckons that during 100 years before the Declaration of Independence, Great British transported to the New World 1,000,000 of slaves from Africa, and that besides these, 250,000 had been thrown into the sea on the horrible middle passage. Even after the abolition of slavery, (1807.) the importation of slaves continued into the Spanish colonies or South American States, and it is estimated that even as late as 1849, fully 50,000 negroes were secretly introduced in one year into Cuba and Brazil.

The 1st of January, 1880, will be the close of

secretly introduced in one year into Caba and Brazil.

The 1st of January, 1880, will be the close of this great tragedy—the greatest, all things considered, in human history. Most of the actors in it, and the participants in the crime, have been judged at that grand tribunal of history, where there is no error in the judgment, no corruption in the judges, no pardon to the criminal. Spain and Portugal have become a byword and mockery for their fall and degradation; the Spanish colonies have been cursed by the trade they nourished, and will doubtless never recover. The United States have paid a utilion of lives and hundreds of millions of property for they nourished, and will doubtless never recov-er. The United States have paid a utilion of lives and hundreds of millions of property for their share in the fruits of the traffic, Great Britain alone has not yet received her sentence at this querring tribunal.—N. Y. Times.

A Republican Journal on Haves.

There is nothing the people of this country have a greater contempt for than cant and hy-pocrisy. The President's course, from the time he entered the White House up to the present, he entered the White House up to the present, has been one of pretension and imposture, on the subject of civil service reform. He refers to the improvements made in the New York Custom House and Post office under the competitive system. This is a suare and delusion. The enforcement of what is called the civil service order at the Custom House is very thin dust thrown in the eyes of the public. The competitive system is a dodge to enable the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Collector of the Port to take care of their particular friends, to the exclusion of outsiders. That is of the Port to take care of their particular friends, to the exclusion of outsiders. That is all there is of this much vaunted reform movement. The examiners know who to prefer, just as well as President Hayes knew who to reward for personal and political services. Blood is thicker than water, and these examiners will give the preference to their friends, just as Mr. Hayes gave the preference to Gov. Noyes, who nominated him at the Cueinuati Convention, and to the large number of men who rendered service to "count him in." The partizanship that brought the President and the Cabinet to the support of a candidate for Governor, who was removed from office for no other reason than that he was not in sympathy with civil service reform, ought not to expect the people to believe they are honestly and sincerely in favor of this reform.—Commercial Advertiser.

Very remarkable changes have taken place during the forty-two years of the reign of Queen Victoria. She has outlived, by several years, every Bishop and every Judge whom she found scated on those benches in England, Scotland, and Ireland. She has witnessed the funeral of every Premier who has served under her, except Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, and she has commissioned as many as eight successive Premiers to form no less than thirteen different administrations.

AMONG Mrs. Dinah Mariah Mulock Craik's pretty poems, there is none prettier than "Philip, My King." Few of those who read and are foud of this piece of verse know that the baby it glorifies is now Mr. Philip Boarke Marston, the blind poet. He is Mrs. Craik's godson.

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER BOY.

BY FATHER BYAN. Young as the youngset who denned the gray, True as the truest who wore it— Brave as the bravest who marched away, (Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay); Triumphant waved our flag one day, He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest where duty led,
He hurried without a faller;
Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
And the day was won—but the field was red,
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle-plain.
Where the foremost ranks had wreed
On his pale, pure face not a mark of pain.
(His mether dreams they will meet again),
The fairest form smid all the slain.
Like a child asleep he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the woods he swept. The field where his comrades found him. They buried him there—and the hot tears crep in strong men's eyes that seldom wept. (His mother—God pity her—amiled and slept, Dreaming her arms were around him).

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother—
His clay in the one lies listless and lone;
There is not a name, there is not a aton—
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan
O'er a grave where never a flower is atrown;
But his memory lives in the other.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION OF 1860. A Graphic Picture of the Famous Scenes.

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The Convention met on the 16th day of May, 1869. Governor E. D. Morgan, of New York, called the house to order, as Chairman of the National Executive Committee, and nominated David Wilmot of "Wilmot Proviso" fame, as temporary Chairman. There were delegates present from all the free States, and from Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, as well as from the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, and from the District of Columbia. There was a delegation present also from Texas, but it was afterward said that it originated over in Michigan, and did not, in fact, represent anybody in the Lone Star State. Horace Greeley was there, carrying in his pocket good an sufficient credentials as the representative of Oregon. He was nominally in favor of Edward Bates, of Missouri, for Prosident, but his particular business was understood to be to prevent the nomination of Seward. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, who, as a presiding officer, had few superiors, was chosen President of the Convention, and, after completing the organization by the usual complement of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries from the different States, an adjournment was had to the next day, when was brought in that well known platform, embodying the pith and substance of the issues made and so ably discussed in the six great joint debates between Lincoln and Douglas, in the fall of 1858, and the Republican party stood squarely on the doctrine that "the normal condition of all the Territory of the United States is that of freedom," and that there was no "anthority of Congress, or of a Territorial Legislature, or any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any Territory in the United States."

When the Convention came together on the 18th, nominated William H. Seward; Norman B. Judd, of this State, nominated Abraham Lincoln; Mr. Dudley, of New Jersey, nominated William L. Duyton; Gov. Reeder, of Pennsylvania, whose efficient service in Kansas was well remembered,

Maine, eighteen from Massachusetts, and the votes of Missouri, Iowa, Connecticut, Kentucky and Minnesota, so that the result as declared showed 354 votes for Lincoln. Mr. Evarts then arose, and on behalf of the New York delegations, which had come here, he said, "as the representatives of the great State, and with a candidate whom they believe to be a great statesman," moved to make the nomination of Lincoln unanimous. This was acconded by Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, and Carl Schnrz, of Wisconsin, each of whom delivered a telling speech.

a telling speech.
It is doubtful whether greater enthusiasm It is doubtful whether greater cuthusiasm ever possessed any audience than that with which the huge concourse in the Wigwam was carried away at the supreme moment when Mr. Carter announced the change of the four Ohio votes that made Lincoln's nomination a certainty, Mr. Judd's baid head seemed to glow with delight as he fairly danced on the platform, and his demonstrations of joy were no more extravagant than those of thousands of other staid and sedate men. Somebody fired cannon an the roof, and the tumult outside seemed for a while almost sufficient to drown the noise within.

within.

A telegram announcing the result, was carried to Mr. Lincolu's office by a friend at Springfield, and the first remark he was said to have made, was too characteristic of the man to admit a doubt as to the truth of the report. Musing for a moment, as if recalling his campaign in 1858, when he failed to obtain the Senatorship, he quietly said: "Douglas tosk the trick, but I have won the game." And so he had; and his winning marks an era: in the history of the country.—List-Oceas.

the country .- Inter Oceau.

Fire insurance policies do not include in the indemnity, among other things, the following: Fences and other yard fixtures; also store furniture and fixtures and plate-glass, doors and windows, when the plates are of dimensions of three feet or more. It is important that this fact be mentioned in the wording of the policy, if such articles are to be included under the policy. Careless, ignorant or unsophisticated brokers and agents, very frequently make mistakes in this respect.

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The following articles also are not included in the security of a fire insurance policy, unless mentioned, viz. Jewery, plate, watches, musical instruments, ornaments, medals, curiosities, patterns, printed music, printed books, engravings, paintings, picture-frames, sculptors casts and models, money or builton, bills, notes, accounts, deeds, evidences of debt, or securities. These should always be specified.

If a building fails, no insurance will attach, or cover its loss, unless it is caused by fire. Stolen property is not to be paid by the insurance company. Losses from explosions are not to be paid, unless fire cusues, and then only the actual fire loss is to be settled for. Property standing on lessed ground must be so represented to the company, and expressed in the policy. Goods on storage must be represented as such.

The assured, in case of fire, must invariably do his best to save it, and carelessness in this respect will vitiate his claim. In no instance shall he abundon his premises to firemen or thieves. When a party has a trustworthy and intelligent representative, agent or broker, whose business it is to study these points and consult his own and assured's interest, by so doing it is sometimes asfer than to risk it by attending to the insurance himself.—Philadelphia Ins. Reporter.

AT the annual meeting of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Cinb, October 15, there was produc-ed a fragment written in 1832 by Sir Walter Scott, at Rome. It is the last poem penned by him, and is unfluished. The verses were writ-ten at the request of the Countess of Woolleoluss, a Russian lady, and in them Sir Walter Scott described himself as "a withered Scottish thorn."

THE oldest Masonic relic in the world was sold for \$178, in Torouto, Canada, the other day. It is the Masonic certificate of Souter Johnny, of Burns' "Tam O'Shanter," and was issued by St. James Lodge, Ayr, in 1790. Pinned to a corner of the diploma is a lock of Highland Mary's hair.